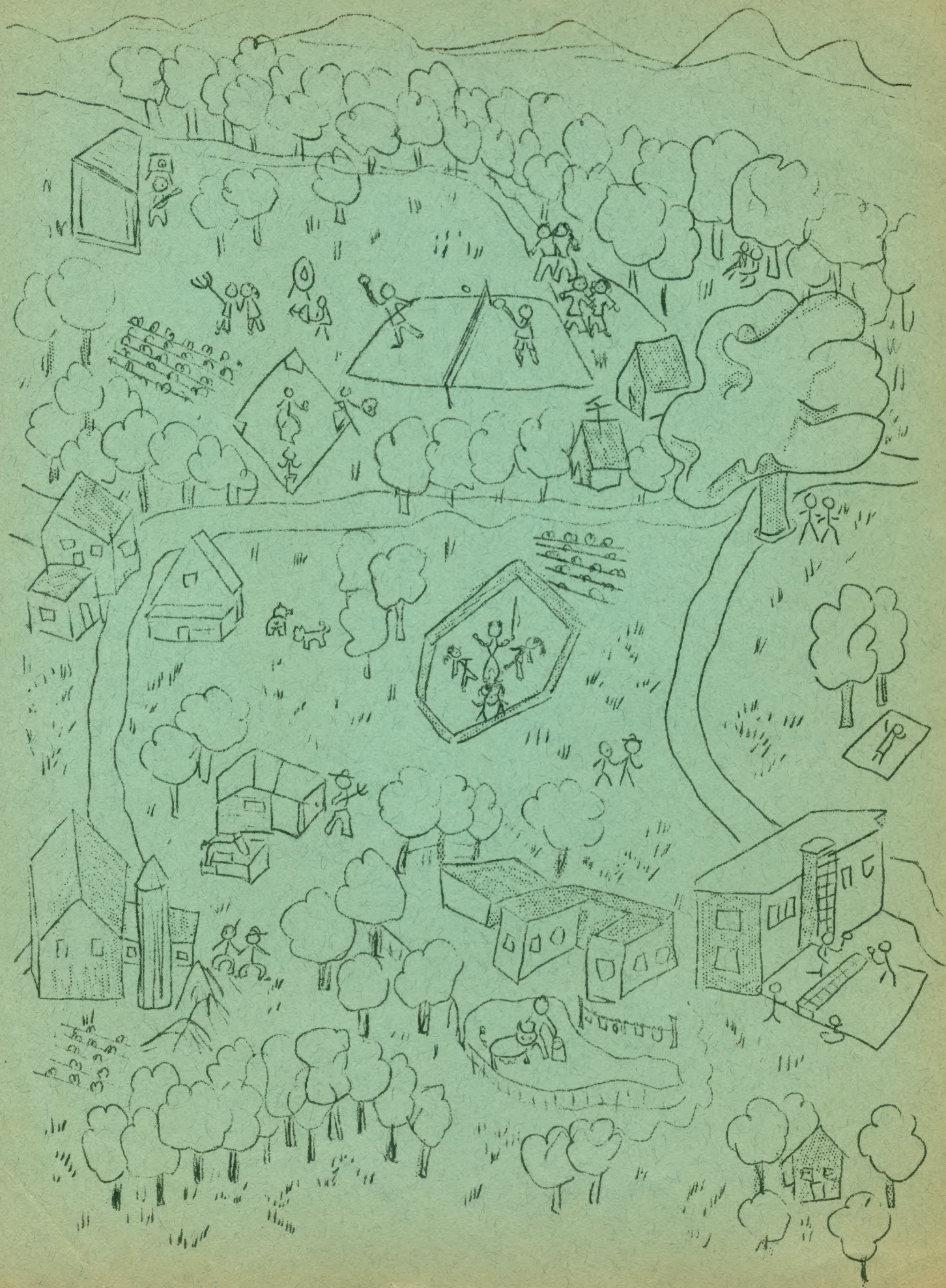
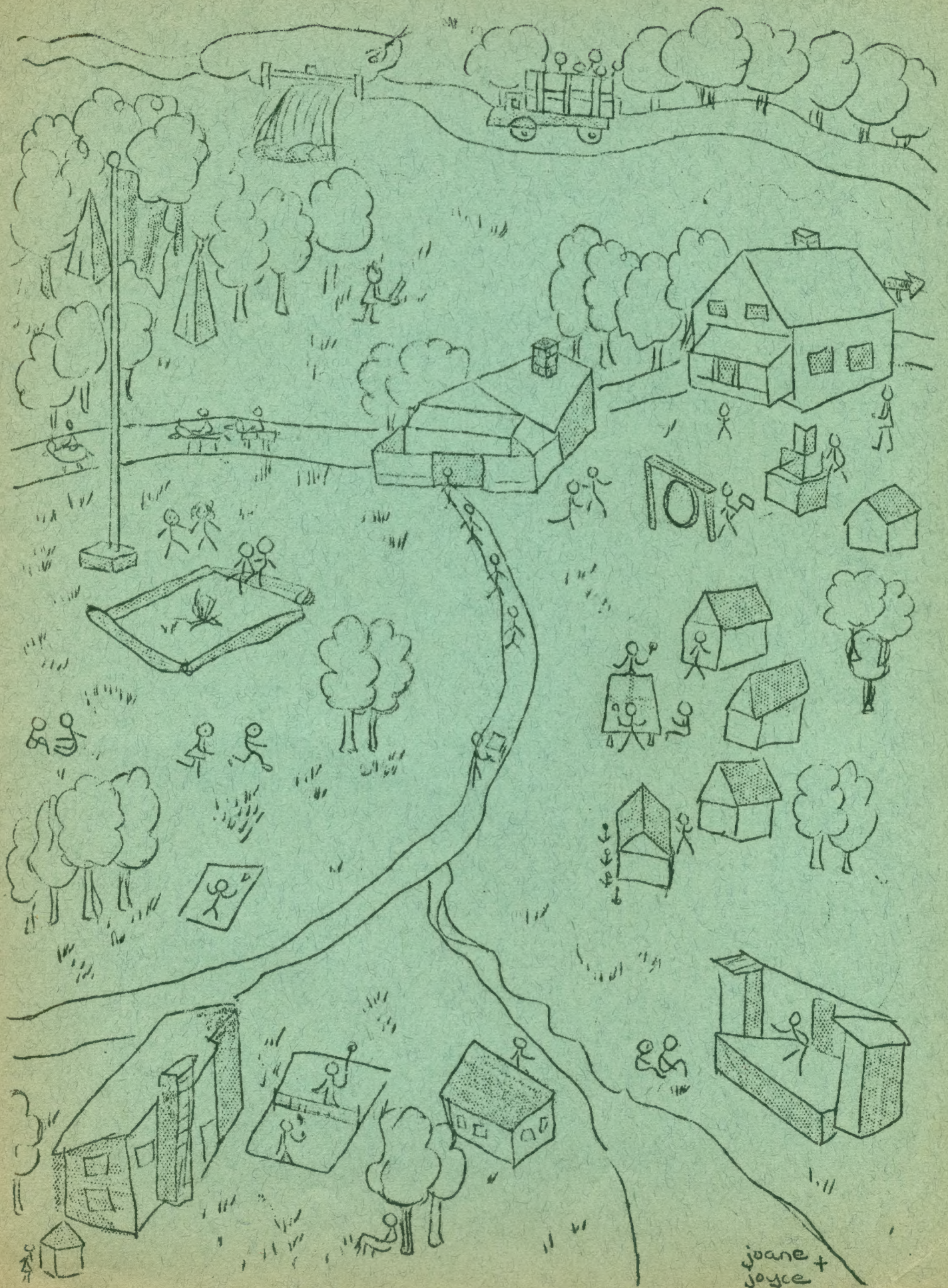


1950



I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING





If we were
to recall all
the happy times
we've had at
Buck's Rock,
foremost among our
memories would be the
informal gatherings of
the campers strumming their
guitars and singing
old, familiar folksongs
that we all
know.

It is the spirit of
these gatherings,
held after a hard,
satisfying day's
work,
that we of Buck's Rock
love--
and have tried
to recapture.





and have tried
to reproduce.

It takes a worried man



In terms of our own
little, most of us realize that to any
going, those not necessarily imply
there, but for an eighteenth century
this little charming, optimistic and

Even as children
our first upward steps to reach a
across the room, we were confronted with
time. Success or failure. We had to learn
a growing sense of balance, the encour-
around us, our drive to get where we
also had to consider the hazards of this
doubt in our own strength, the obstacle
the admonitions of those around us. In
suggest a more modern, flexible and
I TRY TO KNOW WHERE I'M GOING.

This applies not
to know as closely as possible where we
try to focus to you the desire and the
consciously and execute these plans and
many fields of human endeavor as we can
into in the course of the summer. By this
you will be helped to determine the dis-
and to evaluate your chances of getting

In the years to
will be asked to make decisions in
future. By not leaving these decisions
forces or to blind chance, but by trying to know what
you are going you will achieve, in the attainment of
your goals, one of the greatest towards that can come

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING

3

THE 1950 EDITION OF THE YEAR BOOK PUBLISHED BY THE CAMPERS OF BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP, IN NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT



it takes a worried man

In terms of our present day realities, most of us realize that to say "I know where I'm going" does not necessarily imply that we will get there, but for an eighteenth century folk-song, I find this title charming, optimistic and acceptable.

Even as children when we took our first awkward steps to reach a certain point across the room, we were confronted with two possibilities: Success or Failure. We had to enumerate our assets: a growing sense of balance, the encouragement of those around us, our drive to get where we were going. We also had to consider the hazards of this adventure: the doubt in our own strength, the obstacles in our path, the admonitions of those around us. In view of this, I suggest a more modern, flexible and workable title: I TRY TO KNOW WHERE I'M GOING.

This applies not only to single human beings, but groups as well. Take Buck's Rock: In planning it and executing that plan the staff tries to know, as clearly as possible where we are going. We try to impart to you the desire and the ability to plan consciously and execute these plans successfully in as many fields of human endeavor as we can help you enter into in the course of the summer. By this, we hope that you will be helped to determine the direction you want and to evaluate your chances of getting there.

In the years to come, all of you will be asked to make decisions in regard to your future. By not leaving these decisions to unknown forces or to blind chance, but by trying to know where you are going you will achieve, in the attainment of your goals, one of the greatest rewards that can come to anyone.

Ernst

THE 1950 EDITION OF THE YEAR BOOK PUBLISHED 1950 THE YEAR BOOK OF BUCK'S ROCK ROCKY HILL, CONNECTICUT

I am a poor, wayfaring stranger





CAMP IS just about over, and soon we will milk Gwendolyn, annoy the pigs, and chase the baby kids for the last time.

The pigs are expected to be one of the most profitable investments since they eat mostly table scraps. The most unenvied man around the farms was the unlucky fellow who had to clean out the

pigs' dinner pail. Incidentally do you remember the delicious bacon you ate the other day?

Everyone loved the Buck's Rock sheep. Now there were three fine sheep! Willie Berge went around tearing out his hair and cursing all the woodchucks, the sheep meekly gobbled up the tops of some of the hard planted, hard thinned, hard weeded, hard hoed and hard-everything-else Buck's Rock vegetables. However, they soon had to learn that crime does not pay, and they spent the rest of their Buck's Rock days in Howie's prison---The Monster!!

What boy or girl hasn't tried to grab a little baby kid, but how many have succeeded? Everything about them was adorable. But then there was their mama, the old sourpuss who was only friendly around mealtime.

The ducks were the shyest animals we've ever seen. They peeped all the time and the chickens gave even more life to our barnyard. In the morning when the door was opened, they all came piling out, looking like so many toys all wound up in different directions. Chickens are exceptionally dumb animals, which was dramatically demonstrated once when Howie hypnotized one of them. It just sat there, bewildered, and clucked. However, the hens didn't do badly for their species, giving an average of eighteen eggs a day.

Bucky and Rocky, the calves, seem to get along quite well this season. Both of the calves were weaned while with us.

We finally come to our pride and joy, Gwendolyn was a sweet cow, once she got used to the place; a cow with personality, all 1200 pounds of her. "Gwendy" was 67% pure bred Holstein and gave the pigs 14 quarts of milk a day. Who could resist those big, sad, eyes, that lovely long pink tongue, that large pearly nose? You tell me, what would Buck's Rock have been without this beautiful specimen of a brave, darling, loveable Bovinity? I know she'll rest in the memories of all of us for the rest of our lives.

---Lenny Ross

camptown races

A tall figure walked towards the social hall. After a glance over his shoulder, he crossed the porch and went to a bulletin board near the door. Slowly he withdrew a slip of paper from his pocket, and tacked it up on the board.

Suddenly, from every direction campers came scampering up to look at the paper. "Am I on the list for tomorrow?" "Is my name there?" "If he doesn't put me on soon, I'll----". Then, spying the figure lounging in the doorway and smiling amusedly at the proceedings, they all ran to him. Bruce had just posted the next day's riding schedule.

For many campers, riding plays an important part of their summer. Whether the posting of the list brings smiles or scowls, it always causes some commotion.

The riders are divided into groups according to their ability or inability to manage or mismanage a horse. Some classes are held in the ring, some on the road, and once a week there is an all-day picnic ride. But whether in the ring, on the road, or just kibitzing on the side lines, riding rates high at Buck's Rock.

--Nancy Feldman



Summer 1950

Dear Folks,

Today was a beautiful day; the kind that makes you want to get out and work. After cleanup I decided to work on the farm feeding the animals. I went to the Lab and there were Nancy and Shiela working on Hydroponics (growing plants without soil in nutrient solutions), and Jerl Fox was testing the soil of our tomato fields. While I waited for Howie I looked around the Lab. Some girls were looking at single-celled animals through the microscope. Nan and Gretchen's hamster had nine hamsterettes the day before and both mother and children were doing fine. Last week our milk snake laid six eggs and we dissected one a few days ago. Then Howie came in and volunteered me to feed the ducks. One of them was born without a bill and so Howie operated and put a copper bill on him. After I finished my job I went to the milking lesson. I learned fast and now milking Gwendolyn is a cinch. Once we made butter and powdered milk, but it wasn't very good.

After all the animals were fed, we asked Howie to dissect something. Consequently, a rabbit died the night before and so it was elected. Howie began carving and the campers began leaving. Not wanting to watch any more, I went to work for an hour in the fields.

I walked over to Bergie's field and he told me to pick tomatoes, which by the way, was the largest crop. For every dozen picked, I ate one. Bergie told me that the farm would make a lot of money this year. Since the fields had been expanded there were more vegetables and more profits. As you know, all produce is sold to the parents and the camp.

Sorry I can't write any more now, but the bell for lunch just rang and I have to go.

Love,

Yascha (Alan Morse)

P.S. Send me candy

P.P.S. Attached is a photograph my friend, Gretchen Langrock took of the farm. Isn't it nice?

every night when the sun goes in

This summer has been, from the standpoint of dramatic achievement, quite successful. Much toil and sweat were expended in the course of our eight-week stay, but the goals which we wished to win were attained.

In which way was our summer successful, and what was our object? In the first place, we produced four plays: The younger girls gave the first performance—a puppet play. In the composing of the plot, and the designing and manipulation of the puppets, they were able to bring into play their full creative and artistic powers. Prokofiev's famous masterpiece for children, "Peter and the Wolf" was presented as a shadow play. By the very nature of the plot, and the fact that it was given as a shadow play, "Peter and the Wolf" afforded the cast a unique opportunity for self-expression. The satirical comedy entitled "The Man Who Married A Dumb Wife", by Anatole France, which we presented August 20th, is a play which has no serious purpose behind it or any moral to convey, but rather contents itself with demolishing the contradictions and artificialities of society in a humorous manner. The Festival play, "Tomorrow the World" by Messrs Gower and D'Usseay, though somewhat artificial and confined in approach, is worthy of careful consideration as it endeavors to deal with an issue of great import and far reaching significance—the re-education and leading back to the road of democracy and human advancement of those peoples who have been subjected, and those whom are still subjected to a dictatorial form of government.

So we have produced four plays at the conclusion of the summer. Is that success? Is that "the object we attained"?

To an extent that is success. But only to a comparatively small degree, only in a very narrow and restricted sense, for the presentation of plays is merely one part of a much broader and deeper goal.

It is one of the cardinal purposes of dramatics as taught here, to steer a different course, to present another concept of stage and acting than the professional theatre, as typified by Broadway. There, for financial reasons the main emphasis is on perfecting the technical details so as to convey realistic impression to the audience. This approach is absurd from two viewpoints: the first is that every one of the spectators knows perfectly well that if a character is "murdered" during an afternoon performance he will go home, eat a hearty dinner,

and come back ready to let the same fate befall him in the evening. The second, and far more injurious affect of such procedure, as the contradiction of some of the most basic principles of art. Art is the "willing suspension of disbelief", and the art of the theatre takes advantage of this principle by driving home from the realm of the fantastic some of the most valid moral points and by staging, through the actions of its characters, though in unreal situations, the most basic and at the same time complex human emotions. We believe that to stress the detail and minimise the afore-mentioned dicta is to show a completely disproportionate balance of emphasis, and to lose the general perspective of the complete whole. Since to stage a play is in a sense skill subjected to a dicta is to show a completely disproportionate balance of emphasis, and to lose the general perspective of the complete whole. Since to stage a play is in a sense the re-creation of it, as is the performance of a musical work, the cast should present the play with its moral and emotional points as their thoughts and feelings bid them to, as they conceive and interpret the issues. Since they are dealing with adolescents and teen-agers, the counselors held that the stage ought to be one of the places in which they can display their genuine and affected and unique sophistication. If this procedure of true realism is followed, the message of the play will be lighted anew-rekindled by the spiritual fire of those who performed and re-created it. It is true that the proper concept and understanding of acting is of the greatest importance, but is that not a rather scanty basis upon which to declare the summer was successful? Is that the "object we obtained"? Is that the whole formula?

No, to say it is a scanty basis to declare that the sum was successful, is not true-but yet there is more to the formula, and we must probe for it.

We, at Buck's Rock take great pride in the fact that this is a camp in which the rights and dignity of the individual are respected and where, if he only shows any initiative, he may proceed according to his interests and abilities within wide limitations. We call this democracy-which it is- but in working in dramatics, in working in a group we learn democracy in a broader and truer sense. The rights of the individual are safeguarded and maintained, but are modified and adjusted to suit the greater right of the collective body.

Finally, the experience is woven not only in the lives of the campers during the summer, but is mined in the very fibre of their characters.

- Irving Dworetzky

HARK! the herald angels sing

This year music has played an important part in our lives here at camp -- the orchestra and chorus were paramount among our musical activities, with quite a bit of folk-singing on the side.

Our orchestra, under the inspired and capable direction of Rho didn't have daily rehearsals as in years past, but rehearsed three times a week, which was a better arrangement for all concerned. A little after the middle of the summer, the orchestra started recording on the outdoor stage, for records to be sold to campers and parents. But the crowning glory of the orchestral offerings this summer was the concert on the New Milford Village Green. The program, which was an hour long, consisted of orchestral numbers as well as solos, duets and even a trio. Of course, the whole camp turned out for the event, and the villagers seemed as pleased with our orchestra as we were, even giving the concert a write-up in the New Milford Times.

Our chorus, with George Papanek as its very able director, did quite well for itself. Throughout the summer you could hear little snatches of songs from Bach's "Peasant Cantata" around camp, for we learned all the choruses at rehearsal, and George recruited soloists in preparation for a grand performance of the Cantata to be given at the Festival. Rehearsals were also held three times a week, and after going through a series of exercises, we set to work on the Cantata, enjoying ourselves immensely.

Of course, all through the summer we had informal folk-singing without which Buck's Rock would not have been the same, and we had a few formalized folk-song evenings, at which records by folk song artists were played. One evening, we had as a speaker, Irving Deakin, who played a few records from his huge collection, and gave us a commentary on them.

We also had a classical music evening at least once a week, when Bill Cotton and George Papanek played records on the Annex porch.

Put together, folk songs, choruses, orchestral music, and classical records mingled to make Buck's Rock the unique experience in camping life it is.

Corinne Zucker

THE ORCHESTRA
ON
STAGE
BY
STEPHEN
KAMBERG



A picturesque addition to the Buck's Rock Campus is the new stage, modern to the core and glamorously outfitted with two dressing rooms, recording equipment and lights. This stage and Old Smokey, the incinerator to end all incinerators, were built under the capable direction of Paul Tannenbaum who supervised a hard-working group of J.C.'s and campers. Minor projects included a phonebooth, shelves for the office and all repairs for the camp. A shed was built to protect the newly acquired deep freeze unit. Square dancing is now held on the tennis court and a shed has been built by Karl to house the piano. Some of the possible projects for next year are an annex for the new jewelry shop, and an outdoor cooking site where campers may cook their hotdogs on Saturday nights. Next year Paul plans to teach campers how to read and draw blueprints. The construction crew will also work on other projects that will be useful to the camp.

down in the valley

The records which by now are either broken or in the process of being satten upon are indeed masterpieces. They were made under the worst of adverse conditions. The disks were conceived by slaving and sweating which lasted at times for periods of several minutes. Counsellors and J.C.'s battled each other for the right to be the first to press the "Forward" button on the tape recording machine. Generally the honor was awarded to the one who killed the largest number of moths with flying disks. Finally, finding our production setup dreadfully, tearfully and plain old fully deficient we only produced three thousand records, presently being used to extinguish incinerator fires- we called in Mass Production Loren and Functional Leon. They suggested the present system for speeding up the old wheels of activity. The system is so wonderful we are allowed to work all night. Four beds are set up side by side, and the blankets arranged in such a way as to make a gigantic quadruple bed. The fellow who has been working gets up from the machine and stumbles into bed. He then rolls over and the next one rolls over and so on, until the last one falls out of bed. He gets up and resumes the task of recording. So far twenty-two thousand records have been produced by the new system and they are selling like hotcakes. They taste better but don't digest as easily.

-Mike Zimmer

turkey in the straw

The Dance was a very important activity here at Buck's Rock this year. The group, directed by Jo Taylor and Batya Sanders was wonderfully successful. This was evident to anyone who happened to wander into the excellent demonstration class, presented by the Dance Group. In the charming shadow play, "Peter and the Wolf" as well as in the comedy, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife", which used as its media music and the dance, fine work was demonstrated.

-Jo Taylor

CERAMICS - Hal, Dick

- 1 clay and heat, kilns
and slip, bowls, lamps,
trays, tiles, vases.

ART - Dave, Rocky, Betsy

- 2 paint and brush, paper
and easel, creative work,
masks, props, mural, il-
lustration.

PHOTOGRAPHY - Bill, Artie, Mike

- 3 enlargers and hypo,
negatives and prints,
pictures, postcards,
technique

WOOD - Fred, Paul

- 4 lathes and wood,
hammers and nails,
bowls, cabinets, tables,
boxes, sawdust.

CONSTRUCTION - Paul, Karl, Julie,
Jerry, Buzzy

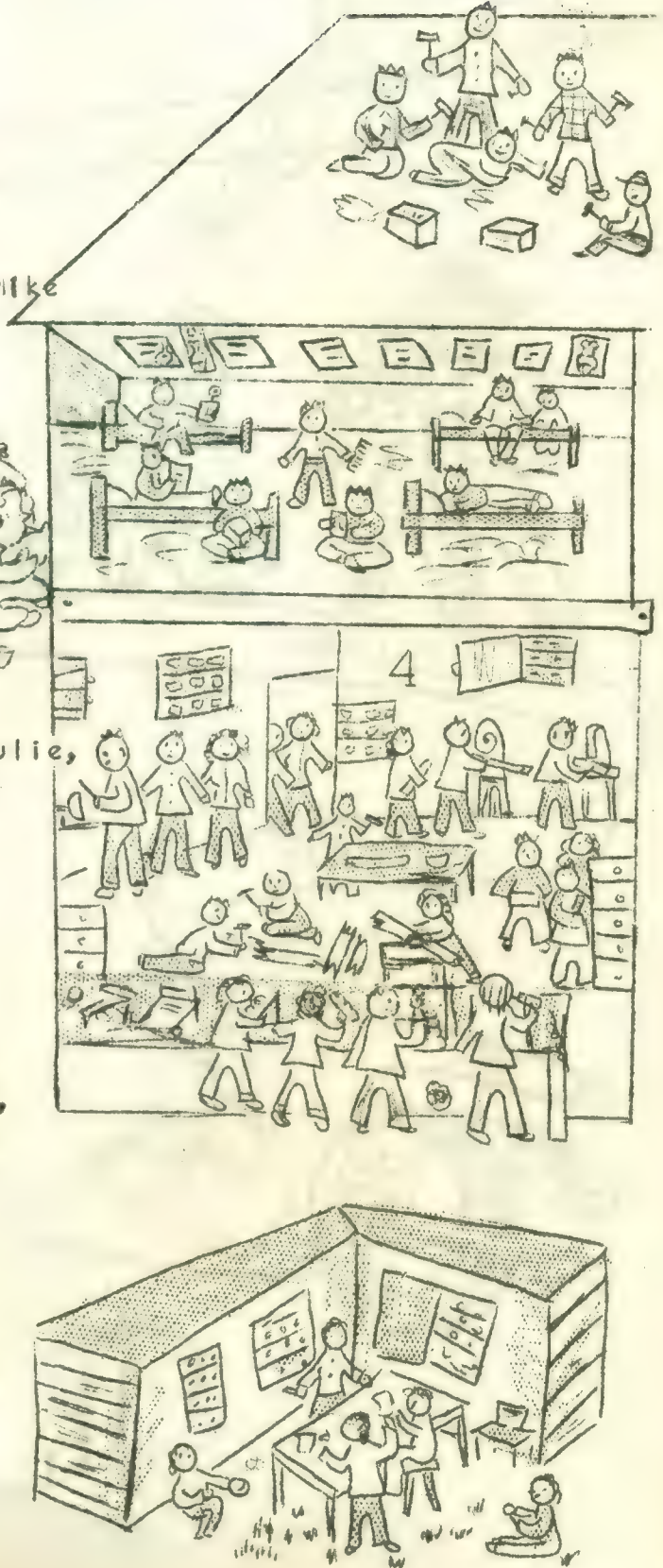
- 5 sweat and muscle, tug
and grunt, stage, in-
cinerator, repairs,
flood control.

PRINTING - Leon, Joan

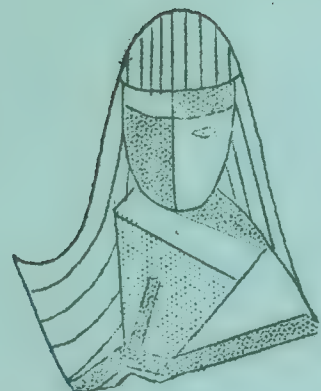
- 6 Ink and paper, rollers
and type, "Weeder's Digest",
Yearbook, invitations,
stationery, postcards,
deadline!

JEWELRY - Julia

- 7 metal and HNO₃, files
and steel wool, brace-
lets, rings, earrings,
pins, gifts, production,
sun fans.



I wonder as I wander





by JOYCE ESERSKY

I
The man with balloons
Stands
At the corner.
Red! Blue! Gold!
So gay and free!
Brushing their smooth skins
Against the bouyant air.

The little boy
Grasping in his pudgy hand,
His only nickle
Stands.
His wide, clear eyes are
Drawn--like a magnet
To the

Red! Blue! Gold!
So gay and free
Against the bouyant air.
Oh! to have a
Balloon! A Balloon!
Proudly and smiling
He walks
Up to the man.

II
And as he walks
Away he grasps
A Balloon! A Balloon!
Now he can watch it brushing its'
Smooth skin against the bouyant air.

Suddenly a cloud weeps and
All must go.
Just like the man on
The corner.
Just like the.

Red! Blue! Gold!
Just like the little
Boy
Just like the Balloon
Against the air.
It is raining.

BOYS' HOUSE
by MIKE METZGER



the Captive

THERE WAS A SOUND OF VOICES in the next room, and Devery went toward it. She entered the room and, from force of habit, looked around for a convenient corner in which to hide. There was none however, and as she realized nobody was really looking at her she grew bolder and walked slowly around the room, avoiding the people, who were as cold and expressionless as the furniture itself. They were alien beings, stifling in their very stolidness. It was a picture of stodgy respectability.

Then, looking through an open doorway to the dining room beyond, she was attracted by the tablecloth with the gleaming silverware arrayed on it. Entering the dining room she had to blink her eyes once or twice to adjust them to the sudden brightness, after the preliminary darkness. As she looked over the table, she was drawn in particular to the soup ladle by its strange lustre. Looking into its depths, she was aware of the sheen that the light made, in which shadows were caught and dimmed, and all colors were muted into a silvery gray, broken through at intervals by a sudden radiance. There seemed to be a bright light behind it, subdued occasionally by an invisible haze. Then there was a blur, and a headpain caught her for a moment at the taking in of so beautiful a sight. She gazed, entranced, watching the way the light played into its smooth surface, until it mysteriously created the illusion that there were two surfaces. Looking at it through a film of eye moisture, it appeared to be seen through waves; and sometimes she thought that it would draw away from her, then come back to its original size.

She was watching, thus enchanted, when she became aware of the intrusion of the people, who entered and seated themselves at the table. A chill wave swept over her, and she also sat down quietly, trying not to be conscious of the amazed stares from around the table. She was vaguely ashamed at being caught in such captivation of an apparently uninteresting object, if not a comical one. Still watching, she was aware of a white hand drawing near it, and as it was lifted from the table and borne through the air her eyes were still glued on it, transfixed. Then something dawned on her. This beautiful thing; they were taking it away from her! She wanted to clutch at it, to protest, and then just as suddenly, she felt foolish, as she drew slowly back to reality. As she watched the swirls of green soup close over the brightness her mounting tension relaxed. The mystery which had surrounded it was gone, it was now just another common object, of no special value. Her face flared pink, as if in a fever, and she lowered her eyes, her fingers all the while nervously fumbling with her napkin.

Her previous feeling was replaced by one of sadness, of which she could not understand. A wave of hurt broke over her and receded, as she tried to concentrate harder on the meal, and the dull conversation that preceded it. Still, she knew she would not forget it. Something had been taken from her forever, she could just cling to the memory of the mysterious glow, that sheen...she unconsciously began trying to find the right words to describe it.

Leslie Diamond

YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK FAR TO FIND
SOMETHING TO DO AT BUCK'S ROCK



WE'RE ALWAYS SO BUSY
WE NEED A 48 HOUR DAY



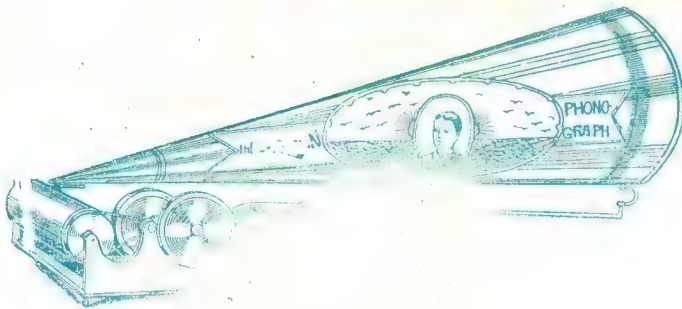
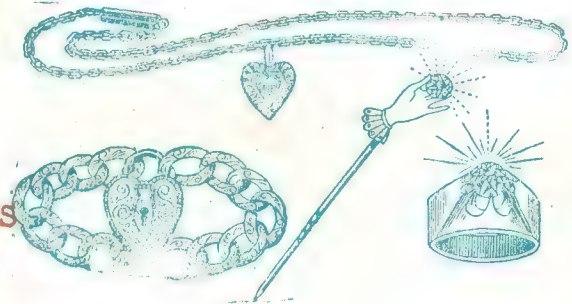
OH BOY! HERE COMES HOWIE

AND WE IN THE PRINT SHOP ALSO HAD FUN AT



WITH *Bertie* AND H IN THE FIELDS
HOW CAN YOU KEEP THEM OFF THE FARM?

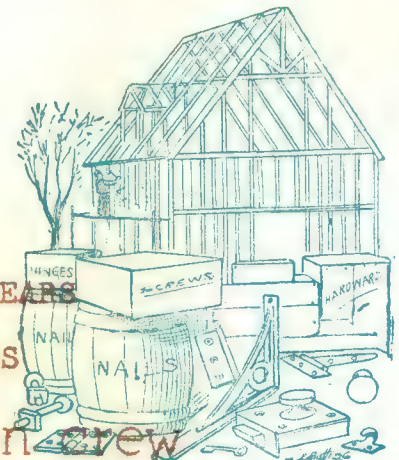
WE TOOK BATHS IN ACID
AND CAME OUT AS BRACELETS



...AND THEN WE LISTENED TO
CLASSICAL MUSIC

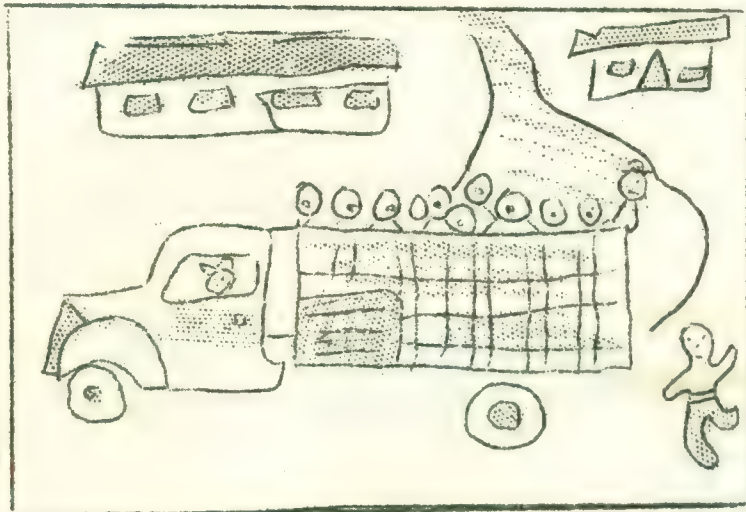
HAMMERS AND SAWS, TOIL NOT TEARS
WE HAVE NAILS BETWEEN OUR EARS

construction crew

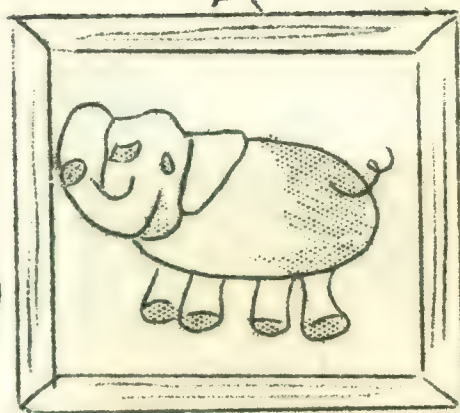


BUCK'S ROCK

OUT OF OUR
ART GALLERY



Winnie Winston

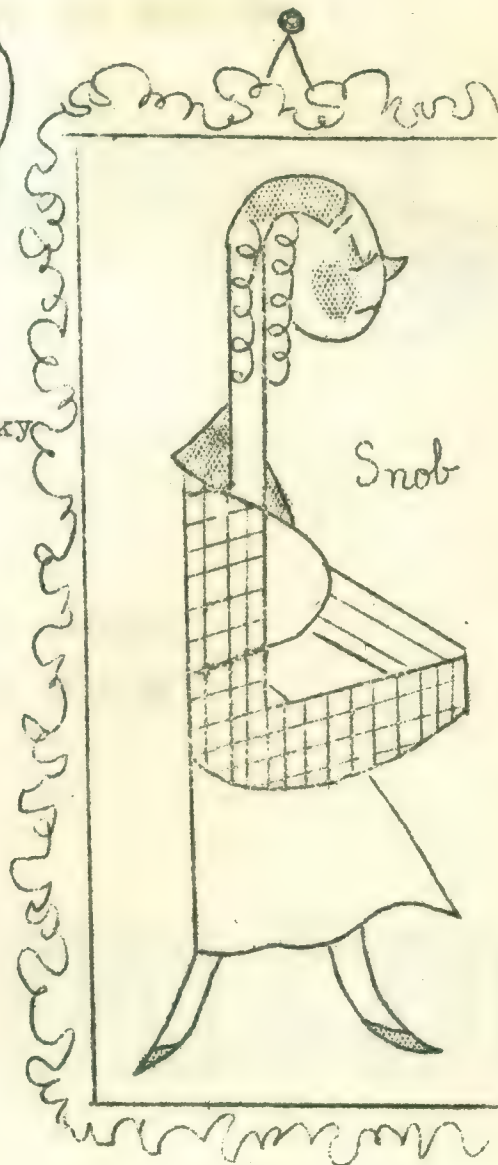


Barbara Loewy



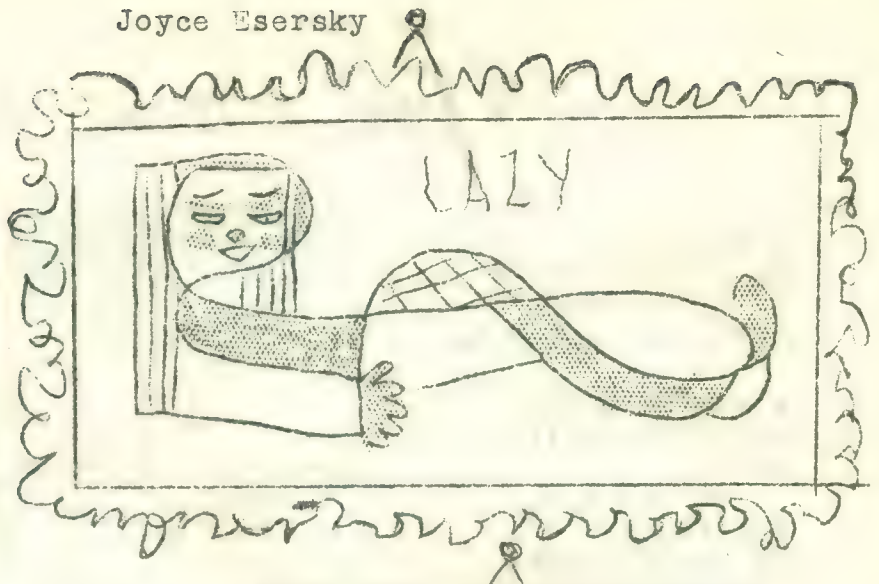
Joane Edelman

Joyce
Esersky



Snob

Joyce Esersky



Joane Edelman



Stephen Singer

Joyce Esersky



Doris Granetts



TWO POEMS by JUDY BLUM

A temple
Of reddish-brown
Statuettes.
God's chesspieces.

A mystic group
Wierd and still;
Baked
by the sun,
The light
Of the creator.

The ground
Around the rim
Of the crater
Is waste,
and deserted.
His table.

bryce canyon

the wren

In she flies
And out again
Bringing food
To her baby wren.
She started out
With five,
Yet shows no grief
That only one is left alive.
The first fell out
Past the rim of the nest,
Landing in the bushes
With a thorn in its breast.
One tried flying
A bit too soon;
Another carried off
By a fearless loon.
The last was born
Shivering and shaking
And soon, so soon,
It died.
Yet,
In she flies
And out again,
Bringing food
To her baby wren.

Great Day!



W H O O P E E T I Y I Y O

Our big weekend started with a splash. The aquacade, held down at the gaily decorated waterfront, was held on Saturday afternoon. There were races for most strokes and everyone who wanted to, had a chance to compete. The Buck's Rock Mermaids, under the direction of that famous choreographer, James Chan, mermaided around in a very talented way. There was even an international swim. We are sure the U.N. would have approved highly; we know that all of Buck's Rock did.

We went on with the Litchfield Horse Show, in which four of our campers participated. Practically the whole camp came to watch, and though the Buck's Rockers didn't come home with any prizes, everyone was proud of the way they handled themselves and their mounts.

The physical part of our education and enjoyment well taken care of, the Arts took over. On Saturday night, there was "Peter and the Wolf", performed on the newly-built stage as a shadow play. Behind two sheets strung across the new stage, the play was pantomined and danced to records. The Art Shop had contributed masks for the players and a set, both of which were very original and appropriate. The whole evening was a wonderful success and all the participants as well as the rest of the camp will remember it with pleasure for a long time.

The weekend ended on a very musical note - Tanglewood! The music was not the only enjoyable part of the day. Riding a bus with a gang of kids is always fun for every person in his own way. Tanglewood itself, formerly an estate, is full of green grass to lie on as one listens to the music. We came back late and starved, but it certainly was a happy ending to the Big Weekend.

-Iris Mark



"There is no remedy against the excessive glottal activity in women."
THE DUMB WIFE

THOUGHTS ON THE INTERLUDE By ELLIN SALLIT

Between the first and second acts
Of our famous "Dumb Wife" show,
The "Interlude", a musical skit
Has been written by Shep and Rho.

This wonderful skit has a chorus,
In the truest Buck's Rock way;
Mike, Jo, Don and Yo-yo have the leads
And Rho the piano does play.

Mike Metzger does the narrating,
Donald plays Anatole France,
Yo-Yo's a mean, spoiled camper,
And Jo, she takes care of the dance.

At first there are no workers
And this makes Michael rave,
But our nymph brings some new campers,
And thus the day does save.

It ends with Ann directing,
While a cute little song she sings.
The chorus shouts, "On with the show!"
And up the curtain ringsooooooooooooo.

WE THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE TO KEEP THE VERSES---
SO HERE THEY ARE:

MIKE

It all began one foggy morn
When a certain French bebe was born
When the prodigious infant grew
He became the gent, I introduce to you.

1. I'm Anatole France of France
2. I'm an expert at painting and dance
On the day I was born
I wrote sonnets all morn
And wrote poems on my three cornered pants
Oui, Oui
And wrote poems on my three cornered pants.

Repeat 1 and 2 at the beginning of each verse.
I can tell at a whiff
Just which flower I sniff
And I never have lead in my pants
No, No
No I never have lead in my pants.

When invited to tea
I'm polite as can be
As I balance my cup with no hands
Oui, Oui
As I balance my cup with no hands.

I can do a plie
And I broke up ballet
With my now famous one finger stance
Oui, Oui
With my now famous one finger stance.

For the time of your life
Just produce the "Dumb Wife"
Now I must go and water my plants
Oui, Oui
Now I must go and water my plants.

DONALD

Oh please don't let's decide
Decisions are but trifles
We'll either milk the cows
Or we'll shoot at them with rifles.

Results don't mean a thing
You'll hear us all repeating
Bucks Rockers don't decide but,
They always have a meeting

MIKE

CHORUS

There's nothing like a meeting
To clear a foggy brain
There's nothing like a meeting
To make us smile again

When days are black and gloomy
And we are sad and sore.
There's nothing like a meeting
No matter, what it's for.

Brawn not brains
Toll not tears
We have nails between our ears
Axes, hammers, saws and chisels
Work whether it shines or drizzles.

Need no tools
If you please
We bang nails
With heads and knees
There's the grass and here are we
Here's where the new stage will be.

Faster, faster, quick, quick, quick,
Make this thinner
Make this thick.
Dip and dive away you go
This is how little stages grow.

BUILDERS

YO-YO

Last year we built indoor stages
Last years cows were kept in cages
Last year was the best we had
Builders have you all gone mad?

Last year I was cosy, comfy
This year I am sad and grumpy,
Things will never be the same
I am sorry that I came.

CHORUS

Last years grass was never greener
Last years troubles never weener
There's no excuse left for ya
For we're marching to Pretoria.

Name your moment, name your place
Anywhere or any space
We'll matcha set to any face
We give you atmosphere.

We'll give you the Social Hall
Lovely pictures on the wall
Candy wrappers junk and all
We give you atmosphere.

At the farmhouse any hour
Lovely roses on the bower
Counsellors shouting, "Take a shower!"
We give you atmosphere.

The moment is swiftly approaching
The big day has dawned and is here
No more can I add to my coaching
My actors are trembling with fear.

ANN

CHORUS

Our kneecaps are knocking
Our jawbones are locking
We certainly tremble with fear
We certainly temble with fear.

I think we did lots of rehearsing
I think that they all know their lines
My hipes and my tears are reversing
It's either fame or the salt mines.

ANN

CHORUS

Oh will they be cheering
Or hooting and jeering
It's either fame or the salt mines
It's either fame or the salt mines.

The stage is designed and constructed
Our sweat is in each two by four
What sort of plays will be conducted
Will it be a hit or a bore.

Our hammers are knocking
Our wingbolts are locking
But is it a hit or a bore?
But is it a hit or a bore?

great day

Every year, we climax the camp season with the Festival. We invite our parents, relatives, and friends, and Buck's Rock shines in all its glory. We were very proud of our Festival this year and will remember it for a long, long time to come.

They trooped out of the art shop, tired but happy; Carol with a paint smudge on her nose, and Iris with red and yellow splattered on her dungarees. But at last the festival decorations were completed. Monsieur Maché was hoisted to his place of honor atop the social hall, where he sat proudly with his guitar. Life-size paper animals were placed about the camp, and brightly colored musical notes were strung up all around the campus. Buck's Rock was all dressed up, and ready to receive her guests.

Nancy Feldman

The results of the labors of all our craftsmen and farmers here at Buck's Rock were shown on Festival Day when the products made in the ceramics, art, jewelry, wood, and photo shops, plus all the vegetables grown on the farm, were sold. The selling at the Festival was the grand climax to the sales made by our able selling crew here at camp during the whole summer.

Sheila Abramson

"Did you really think you would win?" "Yes, and I almost did too --" "Don't be ridiculous, neither of you had a chance." It was the day after the festival, and a very controversial point was being heatedly discussed between the stable stalls.

They had given a gala gymkhana at the festival (games on horseback to you). The intermediate riders had played musical chairs, and broom polo against each other. There had been races too, and some of the horses had realized their secret ambitions-- to run in Santa Anita. It had been a wonderful show, everyone had shown the progress they had made-- as well as their good sportsmanship.

Nancy Feldman

Alas, poor unfortunate animals, how we took them from their leisure and forced them into the public's eye. To our visitors, it might seem very easy, but we on the inside know all the hardships they had to go through in order that they might appear in best form. It must be admitted though, it was quite a surprise to see the pigs, who by this time were famous for their special brand of Buck's Rock mud, all clean, pink, and smelling as sweet as a fresh Duz wash. The sheep, too, were right in style after having been to Professor Adler's Beauty Parlor for a bleaching. Never let it be said that Gwendolyn let us down for she was the true belle of the fair with her chic braided tail. For those interested in rarities the famous copper-billed duck was the special attraction. Yes, each one, in his own style, was truly an Animal Fair!

-Sheila Abramson

Well, it was over. We sat putting our instruments away, guitars and banjos, clarinets and flutes. The Festival concert had come and gone, and we, the members of the world-famous Buck's Rock Orchestra were packing up for the last time. After a week of so of preparation, which meant rehearsing all the folk songs that the Orchestra had become associated with, and some new ones besides, we and Rho felt that we were ready to honor the Camp with our music; in other words we came up with a second Tanglewood. I can't say that we were all calm, cool, and collected as we sat in our makeshift bandstand, on the threshold of our great triumph, because we weren't, but as Rho lifted her arms, Koussevitzky style, and whispered "ready!" to start us off on our first number, we knew that; with Rho as our leader and the campers and Festival guests waiting for us to "go to it," we would give a performance equalling the one given in New Milford and leave Buck's Rock resounding with our melodies.

-Corinne Zucker

Near the beginning of the camp season, the farmhouse girls helped by Shep and Mike Ginandes gave an original puppet play entitled "The Elephant Never Forgets", with puppets and scenery designed and executed by the girls. This play was handled so skillfully and turned out so well that it was decided to give a repeat performance at the Festival, where it could be seen by a larger audience. The performance was just as successful as the first one, thanks to the expert acting and puppet-handling of Kay Kudin as the Ringmaster, Sheila Handleman as the Elephant Boy, Joanna Bulova as the Elephant, Barbara Loewe as the Acrobat Girl, Sue Lyons as the doctor, Lizzie Waltuch as the clown, Nancy Hirsh as the Policeman, Kitty Singerman as Jennie and all the other members of the talented cast.

-Corinne Zucker

Me- oh- me- oh- me----- Hey over there!! No, these are not the words of some babbling idiot! In fact, the very sight of these exclamations touches a soft spot in the hearts of some fifty odd members of our famous Buck's Rock Chorus. These simple phrases led to a greater conquest; namely, Bach's "Peasant Cantata," which the chorus ably performed on Festival Day under the superb direction of our one and only George Papanek. Not only was the concert a success but the thrill and pleasure we got from performing on Festival Day was only a climax to all the good times we had rehearsing.

--Sheila Abramson

It rained and rained for two days straight. Ernie told us that it was the tail end of a hurricane. We were supposed to have the presentation of "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife", by Anatole France, on the Sunday before the festival day, and "Tomorrow the World", by Gow and D'Usseau, for the festival, but it didn't work out that way. "The Dumb Wife" had to be called off due to the rainy weather. We all felt pretty bad about that, and then when Ernie announced that we would give "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" on Saturday night and "Tomorrow the World" on Sunday, some of us were doubtful about that idea. We didn't know if George and Gisela could possibly do the work that goes into getting out two finished productions in one shot week. But we all pitched in and got to work to do our best.

First come the set designers and they did a bangup job. But they weren't the only ones. The Art Shop was busy all day with people painting props. And don't forget about the unobtrusive ones who worked backstage. They came to all the rehearsals on time and made sure that nothing was missing or out of place at the time of performances.

You saw the actors and actresses; they did a wonderful job, not only because they didn't forget their lines or make any foolish mistakes, there's more to acting than that. They understood the plays they were performing and gave the sensitive performances that only come from hard work, talent, and good direction. After all that hard work we sat on the grass and saw the two fine plays. We had accomplished the almost impossible, and all we had needed was a group of willing people with plenty of ideas, talent, skill, energy and that Bucks Rock enthusiasum for doing a good job!

So long, it's been good to know you



He,

the campers of Buck's Rock Work Camp, after many days of due consideration, being sound of mind and body after a summer of hard labor do hereby bequeath to all campers, counselors and J.C's. the following:

the little old shanty

Annex.....A roof to dance on
Girls House.....Bulletin boards for pinups
Boys House.....An extra in bathroom mops
Prefabs.....Fans which work
Shops.....Marlene Dietrich
Eight Bunk.....A male counselor
Farm.....Running water

god rest ye, merry gentlemen

Dick Atkins.....A Sandee beach
Karl Brussel.....A keg of beer
Buzzy Campus.....A tony home permanent refill kit
Phoebe Freund.....A night without O.D.
Julie Horowitz.....Sock---Stretch-er
Betsy Musher.....Tall boys
Paul Newman.....The other side of Tzena, Tzena
Batja Sanders.....A wig
Mike Sahl.....An instrument he can't play
Paul Schneck.....A chaise lounge
Irene Strelzoff.....Goodnight
Jerry Sutton.....Grand time tisket 12:37
Joan Tyor.....A room with a view
Mike Zimmer.....Adler elevated shoes

Why don't you do write ?

home, sweet home

boys

a	Paul Abelson	69-11 Yellowstone Blvd. Forest Hills	BO8-8285
	Michael Adler	1421 Longfellow Av. Bronx	59 LU9-1984
	John Baer	2 Horatio St. N.Y.	14 CH3-3999
	Daniel Bernstein	230 W. 76 St. N.Y.C.	TR7-2213
	Alan Blank	99-55 65 Av. Forest Hills	IL9-6537
	Robert Blank	99-55 65 Av. Forest Hills	IL9-6537
b	Donald Blau	47 E. 88 St. N.Y.	28 AT9-0079
	Arthur Bobis	1745 E. 18 St. B'klyn	NI5-4041
	Karl Brussel	133 W. 3 St. N.Y.	LE2-9714
	Robert Brussel	133 W. 3 St. N.Y.	LE2-9714
	Stephen Bulova	11 Terrace Pl. New Milford	NM 1453
	Peter Buseck	44 Seaman Av. N.Y.	34 LO7-4651
	Adam Clymer	73 W. 88 St. N.Y.	24 TR4-3290
	Irving Dworetzsky	200 Hewes St. B'klyn	11 EV7-5765
	Eric Eisenklam	300 Riverside Dr. N.Y.	25 MO2-2310
f	Thomas Farkas	66 Cobane Terrace W. Orange NJ.	OR2-1726
	Steven Fleischer	344 East 3 St. B'klyn	18 GE6-6788
	John Geist	101 Central Park W. N.Y.	SU7-3030
h	John Herzog	3381 162nd St. Flushing N.Y.	FL9-5171
	William Hurwich	4330 46th St. L.I.C.	ST6-7147
j	Michael Jacobs	184-52 Grand Central Pkwy. Jam.	OL8-4107
	Alan Joseph	1040 Anderson Av. Bronx	52 JE8-8459
	Stephen Kamberg	80-40 Letterts Blvd. Kew Gardens	VI7-10433
	Stephen Kappel	395 46th St. L.I.C.	4 IR6-7280
k	Michael Kaufman	3680 Bedford Av. Brooklyn	10 ES7-7292
	Wallace Kessler	215 Mt. Hope Pl. Bronx	LU7-3225
	Robert Kupperman	180 Bedell Av. Hempstead L.I.	HE2-1726
	Peter Kurz	1180 Grand Av. Bronx	JE7-5031
	Charles Linnett	143-50 Hoover Av. Jamaica	JA7-2476
	Barry Lipson	881 Wash Av. B'klyn	25 ST3-3798
l	Carl M. Loeb III	895 Park Av. N.Y.C.	RE7-2446
	William Loeb	827 N. Mt. Pleasant Rd. Phila.	WI7-8338
	David Loew	609 N. President Av. Lancaster, PA.	
	Vincent Macaluso	9951 65th Av. Forest Hills, L.I.	IL9-5458
	Gene Marsh	26 La Belle Rd. Mt. Vernon N.Y.	MD7-3608
	Michael Makovsky	411 E. 39 St. Patterson N.J.	Lambert 38659
m	Michael Metzger	6141 Saunders St. Rego PK. L.I.	HA6-2080
	Paul Mischakoff	6837 112th St. Forest Hills	BO8-4960
	Alan Morse (Yascha)	620 Ft. Washington Av. Bronx	WA3-2368
	Jonathan Musher	17 W. 71 St. N.Y.	23 EN2-3614
	Mark Newman	3834 Garrison St. N.W. Wash. D.C.	WO. 2642
n	Alan Noble	1785 Townsend Av. Bronx	53 LU3-5891
	Robert November	110 Station Rd. Great Neck, L.I.	GR. N. 23688
p	Robert Philippoff	337 W. 14 St. N.Y.	14 CH2-5409
	Dick Posner	Grassy Sprain Rd. No. Scarsdale NY	
	David Ratner	171 6th Av. N.Y.	13 AL5-0962
	Peter Hall	845 W. 181 St. N.Y.C.	33 WA8-7266
	Woody Dean Kelly	Merryhall, New Milford, Conn.	NM108W3

	Victor Ripp	20 West 84 St NYC	TR7-9520
	Paul Ripp	20 West 84 St NYC	TR7-9520
	Matthew Rivkin	39-29 46 St LIC 4,	ST6-5343
r	Peter Rosenfeld	1076 E 17 St Bklyn	CL8-3570
	Leonard Ross	12 South Drive Great Neck NY	GrN2-4386
	Frank Alain Rubinfeld	1200 Fifth Ave NYC	SA2-0371
	Eric Samuelson	22 Elm St Woodmere LI	AD9-7628
	Robert Schneck	3921 46 St LIC	ST4-8633
	Donald Schwarz	44 Edgewood Rd Summit, NJ	SU6-1831
	Walter Schweiher	822 Ocean Ave Bklyn	BU4-1790
	Peter Shapiro	19 East 88 St NY 28,	AT9-6111
	Leonard Sidney	63 Mt Vernon Ave, Boston, Mass	RI2-1240
S	Paul Silfen	1010 Dorchester Rd Bklyn	BU7-4217
	Kenneth Singer	1000 Andreson Ave	JE6-3531
	Stephen Siskind	2219 Ave I Bklyn 10,	NA8-0190
	Stephen Singer	130 West 86 St	
	Peter Steiner	736 West End Ave NY 25,	
	Bennet Stern	12 Custer Ave, Newark NJ	MA3-9071
	Alex Strasser	3060 29 St. LIC 2	RA8-5940
	Jerry Straus	90-10 149 St Jamaica	RE9-0526
t	Peter Tamases	160 Van Nostrand Ave Englewood NJ	3-8808
	Robert Thomases	130 Huguenot Ave Englewood NJ	3-3952
	Bobby Usatch	130 Gale PL Bx	
	William Weisberger	2 Ridgcrest W Scarsdale NY	3-5992
W	George Welsz	252 West 85 St NY 24,	EN2-1353
	Monty Wolfson	255 Cabrini Blvd NY 33	WA3-7214
	Donald Zatz	105-05 69 Ave Forest Hills	IL9-6505
Z	Bernard Zucker	129 East 38 St Bklyn	PR4-7224

GIRLS

	Elena Abo	265 E. 181 St. Bronx 57	FO 4-5053
	Shella Abramson	229-13 137th Av. Laurelton, N.Y.	LA 8-5437
	Millicent Alter	1484 E. 17 St. B'klyn	ES 6-3451
d	Laura Altowitz	1598 Unionport Rd. Bronx	TA 2-7826
	Jane Atkins	875 West End Av. N.Y.C.	RI 9-5229
	Faye Bergner	c/o Isidore Bergner, Federal Service Reserve Officer, Office of the Special Ambassador, Hotel Talleyrand, Paris France.	
	Diane Bernstein	941 Wash. Av. B'klyn	UL 6-0075
	Judith Blum	70 Maywood Rd. New Rochelle. Larchmont	21512
b	Judith Bly	310 E. 197 St. Bronx 58	FO 7-7384
	Susanne Buchman	47 E. 87 St. N.Y.C.	LE 4-1346
	Joanna Bulova	11 Terrace Pl. New Milford Conn	NM 1453
	Monika Bychowski	1148 Fifth Av. N.Y.C.	SA 2-6893
	Sandra Chernow	50 Burton Av. Woodmere N.Y.	FR 4-1607
c	Jill Cohn	c/o Richard Guggenheimer, Hyatt Rd. Briarcliff N.Y. Briarcliff	62295
	Diana Colb	119 80th St. B'klyn	SH 8-1271
	Leslie Diamond	207 W. 106 St. N.Y.C.	AC 2-7867
	Joan Edelman	580 E. 8 St. B'klyn	GE 8-5061
e	Ellnore Elsenon	5 Cornell Pl. East Rockaway Lynnbrook	90467

	Joyce Esersky	1745 President St. B'klyn	SI-6-1839
	Nancy Feldman	1563 Unionport Road N.Y. 62	Un-3-3166
f	Rita Fleishman	311 South Change Ave. Dunne, N.C.	2316
	Jeri Fox	720 West End Ave. N.Y.	RI-9-3300
	Phoebe Freund	114 East 84 St. N.Y. 28	Bu-8-4438
	Carol Gayle	44 West 9 St. N.Y.	Gr-7-2669
	Henrietta Gouley	8227 Highschool Road Philadelphia, Pa.	
g	Doris Granetts	1166 East 96 St. N.Y. 28	Na-5-1617
	Marlan Grossman	473 West End Ave. N.Y.	At-9-1975
	Joan Handelman	260 West 72 St. N.Y.	Tr-7-8779
	Shella Handelman	260 West 72 St. N.Y.	Tr-7-4726
	Lynn Hirsh	327 Beechmont Drive New Rochelle, N.Y.	Tr-7-4726
h	Nancy Hirsh	327 Beechmont Drive New Rochelle, N.Y.	Ne-2-3866
	Gail Haskel	1510 Jesup Ave. Bx., N.Y.	Ne-2-3866
	Ruth Hoffman	3253 Cambridge Ave. Riverdale, 63	Tr-8-1140
	Carol Horowitz	163 Eastern Parkway B'klyn	KI-6-3080
	Kay Horton	21-51 79 St. Jackson Heights	St-3-0429
	Evelyn Jasper	737 Madison Ave. Albany, 3 N.Y.	Ra-8-4247
	Cecile Kaplow	567 West 170 St. N.Y. 32	Alb-3-1855
k	Rita Krypt	141-44 71 Ave. Kew Gardens, L.I.	Wa-3-4955
	Kay Kudin	431 East 20 St. N.Y.	Bo-3-1015
	Ina Kupperman	180 Bedell Ave. Hempstead, L.I.	Gr-3-0279
	Judith Lack	1730 President St. B'klyn.	He-2-1726
	Gretchen Langrock	1125 Park Ave. N.Y. 28	Pr-4-2133
	Nan Langrock	1125 Park Ave. N.Y. 28	At-8-8378
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			Ne-2-3438
l	Ricky Lann	41 Lafayette Ave. Woodmere, L.I.	
	Barbara Linett	143 50 Hoover Ave. Jamaica,	Ax-7-2476
	Fay Levine	2106 Wallace Ave. Bx. 60	Ta-9-0444
	Barbara Loewe	1080 Park Ave. N.Y.	At-9-2814
	Nancy Lyons	33-26 160 St. Flushing, N.Y.	FI-9-0249
	Susan Lyons	33-26 160 St. Flushing, N.Y.	FI-9-0249
	Iris Mark	25 Heywood Lane Rockville Center	RC-6-6789
m	Margie Mendelsohn	498 West End Ave. N.Y.	Tr-7-5145
	Steffi Miller	101-05 72 St. Forest Hills	Bo-8-0885
	Margot Mink	340 West 57 St. N.Y. 19	Bo-8-0885
	Ann Oppenheimer	65 East 96 St. N.Y. 28	CI-7-5787
	Zelda Rakowitz	1194 East 21 St. B'klyn	Sa-2-6667
	Ann Rand	23 Grove St. N.Y.	Na-8-8426
r	Ann Robbins	43 East 63 St. N.Y.	Tr-9-8989
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t	Jo Taylor	220 West 21 St. N.Y. 11	Larch 2-2883
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 Elizabeth Waltuch 68-63 108 St. Forest Hills Bo-8-2282
 Barbara Well 7943 Park Ave. Elkins Park, Phil.
 Melrose 2505
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 So-2-7127
 Karen Weiss 622 W. Horner St. Phil., Pa. Ge-8-2338
 Susan Willner 1359 Hewlett Lane Hewlett Harbor, L.I.
 Lynda Wilson 36-40 Bowne St. Flushing, L.I. FI-3-3291
 Corinne Zucker 129 East 38 St. B'klyn. Pr-4-7224
 Elizabeth Cobine 21 West 82 St. N.Y. 24 Tr-4-0681
 Cookie Birman 5169 N.D.G. Ave. Montreal, Quebec Canada
 EI-6152

old folks at home

Doris, Jess & Howie Adler 1431 Longfellow Ave. Bx. 59
 Lu-9-1984
 George & Gisela Amberg 158 East 56 St. N.Y. 22 PI-3-9456
 Rho Barrett 177 East 93 St. N.Y. Sa-2-8207
 Lloyd & Adelaide Bergen Wallace School Jacksonville, Fla.
 Fred & Sarah Boucher 1836 Archer St. Tulsa, Okla.
 Ernst & Ilse Bulova 11 Terrace Place New Milford, Conn.
 NM 1453
 Rocky Campanelli 669 Clarence Ave. Bx. 61 Ta-9-4751
 James D. Chan 1870 Frances St. Vancouver, B.C. Canada
 William Clancy 2020 Broadway N.Y. Tr-3-5550
 Lilyan Cole 177 East 93 St. N.Y. Sa-2-8207
 Bill & Cornelia Cotten 23 Jones St. N.Y. 14 Wa-9-4609
 Betty Dobbs 190-16--33 Ave. Flushing N.Y. In-3-4911
 Mike & Shep Glindes 66 Leverett St. Boston, Mass. RI-2-0634
 Janet Gramaglia 43-44 Aubrondale Lane Flushing, N.Y.
 IN-3-1680
 Betty Huff 531 West 122 St. N.Y. 27 Mo-2-1365
 David Jackler 23 Christopher St. N.Y. Ch-2-2764
 Hal & Bea Loren 2786 Jerome Ave. Bx. 58 Lu-4-0578
 Bruce Novograd University of Chicago 1005 East 60
 Chicago 37, Ill.
 George Papanek Swathmore College Swathmore, Pa.
 Louis Reens 245 West 25 St. c/o T. Kohn N.Y. Wa-4-8493
 Dot Skeels 98 Campbell St. Quincy, Mass. Pr-3-5120
 Joe Strasser Colendale A-1 Syracuse Univ.
 Syracuse, N.Y.
 Rona & Paul Tannenbaum 70-01 113' St. Forest Hills, N.Y.
 Bo-3-5148
 Hertha Werner 6140 Glen Tower Hollywood 28, Calif.
 Julia & Leon Winston Sunlight Hill Yonkers 4, N.Y. Yonkers 3-
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 Arty Zilversmit 1148 Fifth Avenue N.Y. Le-4-5498

Dr Charlotte Lissauer, 473 West End Ave
 83 rd fl.

End. 2-8732

steal away

Dick Atkins	875 West End Avenue	N.Y.	Ri-9-5229
Karl Brussel	133 West 3rd St.	N.Y. 12	Le-2-9714
Buzzy Campus	3280 Rochambeau Ave.	Bronx 67	Ol-5-1945
Hal Fishman	268 Montgomery St.	Bklyn. 25	In-2-5448
Phoebe Freund	24 Fifth Avenue	N.Y.	
Julie Horowitz	163 Eastern Pkway.	Bklyn 17	St-3-0420
Betsy Musher	17 West 71st St.	N.Y. 23	En-2-3614
Paul Newman	3834 Garrison St.	N.W. Washington 16, D.C.	
			Woodly 2642
Mike Sahl	92 Pinehurst Ave.	N.Y. 33	Lo-8-1113
Batja Sanders	17 West 71st St.	N.Y.	Sc-4-0417
Paul Schneck	3921 46th St.	L.I.C. 4	St-4-8633
Irene Strelzoff	250 West 94th St.	N.Y.	Un-4-2489
Bob Stricks	21 Stoddard Place	Bklyn 25	In-2-9363
Jerry Sutton	119-40 Union Turnpike	Kew Gardens 15	Vi-9-7034
			Sc-4-4817
Joan Apples Tyor	315 Central Park West	N.Y.	Ac-2-4608
Mike Zimmer	285 Riverside Drive	N.Y. 25	

home on the range

James & Marion De Vine 211 West 144 St. N.Y. Apt. 27
Osili Ifeanye Drake Univ. Des Moines, Iowa
Eric Lynch 491 East 165th St. N.Y. Apt 21
Ikem & Nebuwa Ojji 172 Mc Donough St. Bklyn 16
(Dick) Barron Palmer 295 Convent Ave. N.Y.C.

- we leave to the following:

oh, bury me not

Ernst and Ilse Bulova....With our thanks for the bestest summer
ever
Doris Adler.....1,000 torn dungarees
Howie Adler.....Some privacy when he wants to play the
guitar
Jess Adler.....Ten more tents out in the wilderness
Gisela and George Amberg.....Actors who show up for rehearsals
Rho Barrett.....Success in show business
Adelaide Bergen.....A cool room
Lloyd Bergen.....A horseless tomato field
Fred Boucher.....A box with compartments and little
boxes in the compartments
Sarah Boucher.....Hundreds of mahogany bowls
Rocky Campenelli.....A period of adjustment
Jimmy Chan.....A purple shirt with yellow polka dots
Clancy.....A bottle of Evening in Paris
Lil Cole.....Those three minutes before the gong
Bill Cotton.....Work prints and a pair of L's
Cornelia Cotton.....Driving instructions
Mike Glnandes.....An enlarger that works
Shep Glnandes.....Water to put "Out de Fire"
Janet Gramaglia and Betty
Dobbs.....An automat
Betty Huff.....YIP DE MINIKA with running water
David Jackler.....Three ounces of slip
Bea Loren.....An annex which goes to bed on Sundays
Hal Loren.....People with ideas
Bruce Novograd.....A boy's camp
George Papanek.....A big tenor section for a pleasant
cantata
Louis Reens.....A refurbished tent
Dot Skeels.....Six in a four bunk
Joe Strasser.....A pair of water wings
Paul Tannenbaum and Rona
Tannenbaum.....Next time a helicopter
Hertha Werner.....Nickles for the new phone
Julia Winston.....A carton of corrugated boxes
Leon Winston.....A new set of ulcers
Artie Zilversmit.....A frame for his scholarships

The sound of music is not the only auditory memory
we have



P I N G G O N G Gretchen Langrock

THIS YEAR'S YEARBOOK was born in the Print, Photo, and Art Shops amongst a toiling mass of humanity.

The Editorial Board would like to extend its thanks to each individual toiler who made the Yearbook possible.

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Mike Jacobs	Stephen Siskind
Chickie Kaplow	Peter Tamases
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and now, a long, last look





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